Chapter 3
The Wasteland

Chapter 3: The Wasteland

Atticus Diablowsky 2011 / Some rights reserved. - Algunos derechos reservados.

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/ or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

Esta obra está bajo una licencia Reconocimiento-No comercial-Sin obras derivadas 3.0 Unported de Creative Commons. Para ver una copia de esta licencia, visite http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/ o envie una carta a Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California 94105, USA.

You thought you were going to a beautiful beach and instead you found yourself in a wasteland. You picked up your bridge camera (just a glorified point and shoot, the purist crowd would say) and you tried to capture that horrific sight into a finite number of four thirds frames. Four thirds frames not much unlike the one of that old tv where you watched a documentary about massive wastelands two decades ago. You were a little kid by then but you haven't forgotten. You can't fool me. I know you haven't forgotten.

But let's go back to the sight. Was it really horrific? Are you sure that's the correct word/feeling? Or was it something else? Please think it over for a minute. How did it really make you feel? You are starting to remember, right? It wasn't horror. It was something else. Something worse. It was an emptiness nothing could fill. The same thing that you feel each time you find yourself in a place that's supposed to be pure but it's now polluted with some kind of debris left behind by human people. It's not that you are an environmentalist. This is far more profound than that. Not that environmentalists are superficial people. I'm talking about something else. Don't be so touchy, ok?

They say that you shouldn't take a shit in the floor of your living room. But nonetheless, we humans do it all the time. We love to shit all over the place. Maybe we've lost the ability to recognize our own living rooms. It would be nice to gain back that ability. In that case you could skip this chapter altogether and focus on the other ones that are far more fulfilling and interesting. Instead of that, you're stuck in Chapter 3. The chapters that came before and the ones that should have come later are lost for the time being. But maybe one day, all of them will come back home and give you a big hug in that wonderful way only lost chapters are capable of. Yes, maybe one day they'll come back. After all, you can be a lot of things but you are not a pessimistic person. For now, however, it's Chapter 3: The Wasteland.

An Atticus Diablowsky Hallucination